

The contention of the two famous Houses,

2. All things is handsome now my Lord.

Suf. Then draw the Curtaines againe and get you gon,
And you shall haue your firme reward anon.

Exit murderers.

*Enter the King and Queene, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Duke
of Somerset, and the Cardinall.*

King. My Lord of Suffolke go call our Vnkle Gloster,
Tell him this day we will that he do cleere himselfe.

Suffolke. I will my Lord.

Exit Suffolke.

K. And good my Lords proceed no further 'gainst our vnckle,
Then by iust prooffe you can affirme:
For as the sucking childe or harmlesse Lambe,
So is he innocent of treason to our State.

Enter Suffolke.

How now Suffolke, where's our Vnckle?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my Lord of Glosters dead.

The King falls in a sound.

Queene. Aye me, the King is dead: helpe, helpe, my Lords.

Suf. Comfort my Lord, gracious *Henry* comfort.

King. What doth my Lord of Suffolke bid me comfort?

Came he euen now to sing a Rauens note,
And thinkes he that the cherping of a Wren,
By crying comfort through a hollow voyce,
Can satisfie my griefes, or ease my heart?
Thou balefull messenger out of my sight,
For euen in thine eye-balls murder sits:
Yet do not goe. Come Basiliske
And kill the gazer with thy lookes.

Queene. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus,
As if that he had caus'd Duke *Humfries* death?

The Duke and I too you know were enemies,
And y'had best say that I did murder him.

King. Ah woe is me for wretched Glosters death.

Qu. Be woe for me more wretched then he was:

What dost thou turne away and hide thy face?

I am no loathsome Leaper, looke on me.

Was I for this nigh wrackt vpon the sea,

of Yorke and Lancaster

And thrice by aukward winds driuen backe
What might it bode, but that well foresaid
Winds said, Seeke not a scorpions nest.

Enter the Earles of Warwick and

War. My Lord, The Commons like
run vp and downe, caring not whom they
for good Duke *Humfries* death, whom
To be murdered by Suffolke and the Cardinall.

King. That he is dead good *Warwick*
But how he dyed God knowes, not *Henry*.

War. Enter his priuy chamber my Lord
Good father stay you with the rude mul-

Salisb. I will sonne.

*Warwicke drawes the Curtaines, and
freys in his bed.*

King. Ah Vnkle Gloster, heauen receiue
Farewell poore *Henries* ioy now thou art

War. Now by his soule that tooke our
To free vs from his Fathers dreadfull curse
I am resolu'd that violent hands were layd
Vpon the life of this thrice famous Duke.

Suf. A dreadfull oath, sworne with a
What instance giues Lord *Warwicke* for

War. Oft haue I seene a timely parted
Of a shy semblance, pale and bloodlesse,

But loe the blood is settled in his face,
More better coloured then when he liu'd

His well proportion'd beard made rough
His fingers spread abroad as one that grasped

Yet was by strength surpris'd, the least of
It cannot choose but he was murdered.

Qu. Suffolke, and the Cardinall had
And they I trust sir, are no murderers.

War. I, but tis well knowne they were
And tis well seene he found some enemies.

Card. But haue ye no greater proofe
War. Who sees a heyfer dead and ble-